

OHIO GHOST STORY.

Farmer Solves the Mystery of the Tell Gwynn Mansion.

Unhappy Noises Made His Life Miserable for a Few Nights. Then an Inspiration Brought Light Out of Darkness.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says that a few miles north of the village of Montgomery, O., there stands at the foot of a hill a tumble-down structure long since uninhabited, which has for years been known as the Tell Gwynn mansion. The old place might have been made comfortable enough and been inhabited all these years but for the fact that it bore a bad name. It was a victim of the ghost habit, and this was the cause of its being shunned as a place of residence.

Not long ago a farmer named George Thomas desired to settle in the neighborhood, but the only place vacant was the Tell Gwynn mansion. Knowing the reputation of the place he had some misgivings as to the wisdom of trying to live in a "spook" hatchery, but his thrift got the better of his fears, and, being promised rent free for a year should he succeed in ridding the place of supernatural visitors, Thomas took possession. Before installing his family and household effects in his new home, however, he deemed it prudent to try and pass a few nights there alone, and if possible solve the much vexed question as to whether unearthly spirits were in the habit of holding high carnival within its walls.

After carefully and critically examining every nook and corner of the "mansion," and finding nothing suspicious, the new tenant settled down to pass his first night beneath the roof of the "haunted house." Nothing disturbed his virgins. The second night was not so uneventful. Toward midnight he heard a noise on the big, broad staircase. Cautiously opening the door on the landing the noise of retreating footsteps greeted his ears, finally ceasing as the intruders passed the threshold and lost themselves out in the darkness.

It became painfully evident to Thomas that the house was indeed the refuge of the supernatural, and the rest of the night was passed in the fear and sleeplessness. With it all the



DISCOVERING THE GHOST.

man was plucky. He kept to himself the incidents of the nights he had passed in the lonely house, and when questioned by the neighbors as to his experience refrained from satisfying them by a recital of what had taken place.

Finally, an inspiration came to him! He sprinkled a thick layer of sand on the steps used by these spooks. By this means he was sure that the problem would be solved. The third night the same programme was presented, more clattering, queer sounds, unearthly manifestations. With every faculty alert and armed with a revolver and a lantern the patient watcher dashed to the door and down the steps, preceded by the cause of the noises, but failing to see what or who they were.

Then it occurred to him to examine the sand on the steps. He was rewarded by discovering several hundred cloven tracks. They were much too large for those of rats. What could it be? This question he resolved over and over in his mind, with the conclusion that steel traps would furnish a solution. Acting upon this idea six traps were secured and placed upon the steps. At 12 o'clock of the fourth night of his vigils the "imps" or "demons," or what not, were on hand as usual with the usual queer noise and clattering feet. The revolver and lamp were again brought into play just as a sharp click and an unearthly scream announced a capture, and the enigma of the Tell Gwynn mansion was solved.

The traps caught three fat rabbits. The entire Thomas family are now domiciled there, and the head of the household is the local hero.

Sultan Is the Lucky Player.
The sultan of Turkey imagines himself a sport. Lately he has developed a passion for playing cards for money, and the man who is unfortunate enough to win the sultan's money incurs his enduring dislike. Public officials permit him to win, and thus save their places.

Ice Cream in the Arctic.
A favorite dish with the Eskimo is an ice cream made of seal oil, into which snow is stirred until the desired consistency has been obtained; then frozen berries of different kinds are added. This concoction is about as tempting to the civilized palate as frozen cod-liver oil.

RELIGIOUS.

Bishop McCabe, of the Methodist Episcopal church, will sail for South America early in January. He will hold several conferences in the southern continent before he returns.

Seventeen per cent. of the population of Michigan is enrolled in the Sunday schools. The average for the states and territories of the union is only 16 per cent.

Grace church, Manhattan, has received the gift of a sun dial whose base is made of two stone pinnacles of the church as it was built 59 years ago and removed in the course of alterations.

New York city has two fire chaplains—clergymen who are attached to the fire department and attend all fires so as to minister when necessary to the wants of the dying or the injured.

The Church of the Holy Communion, a historic building of Philadelphia, has been sold to a syndicate for \$350,000. It is not known what disposition will be made of the property or what improvements will be made upon it.

Rev. David Edwards Blaine, whose death occurred in Seattle a few days ago, was the founder of Methodism on Puget Sound. He was a native of New York state and a graduate of Hamilton college. He was one of the earliest pioneers of Seattle.

Efforts are to be made by Philadelphia people to preserve the old monastery near Wissahickon. The monastery was constructed by the Seventh Day Baptists when they were an order, and dates back a century and a half. It is of great historic interest, but has fallen into decay since the decline of the orders by which it was once inhabited.

RAILROADING.

In a mile of railway there are over 2,000 sleepers.

The Russian ministry of communication has decided to adopt petroleum for generating motive power on the locomotives of all the railways.

A new way to coal locomotives is being introduced by a prominent railway. All the engineer has to do is to run his engine on a trestle, touch a button, and a tenderful of coal drops into his tender, and is weighed as it drops in.

In the new switch tower in the Grand Central yard, New York city, the windows are of green glass. It is a great protection to the eyes of the employees, and enables them to keep their vision at its normal strength at all times.

In 1899 the German railways consumed 8,000 tons of carbide for the illumination of cars. The consumption of carbide in Germany for 1900 is estimated at 1,000 tons, equal to 7,000,000 gallons of petroleum.

It is the intention of the new Central London Railway company to erect over its stations handsome mansions, which will be let out in residence flats, while in some cases, where space permits, attractive business premises will also be added.

EDUCATIONAL.

The game of chess is taught in all the Australian public schools.

The Japanese, it is said, have accepted the kindergarten principles with enthusiasm.

The sum of 150,000 marks, heretofore annually voted in Germany for the support of German schools abroad, has been doubled.

There are 1,100 Chinese pupils in Queens college, Hong-Kong, varying in age from nine up to 25, and many of them have family careers in the shape of a wife and children at home. There are about 16,000,000 pupils in the schools of the United States—as many as Germany, France and Italy combined, and three times the enrollment of Great Britain and Ireland, and five times as many as Russia, with its population of 100,000,000.

A former member of her majesty's civil service (Hong-Kong, 25 years' experience) advertises that he has "made plans for the establishment in New York city of a school of practical Chinese, and is ready to receive pupils and instruct them in speaking, reading and writing the Chinese language."

BEES.

Eggs of choice bee queens are an article of commerce in Switzerland.

Tinted glass is used in England to measure the color of extracted honey.

While a great deal of Florida honey is fit for table use, much of it is used for manufacturing.

Bees will not ordinarily fly more than a mile and a half in quest of stores; and the great bulk of them will keep within the mile limit. Bees have flown seven miles, but very rarely.

Five thousand honey bees, as they leave the hive, weigh about one pound, but when the insects return from the visits to the flowers, freighted with honey, they weigh nearly twice as much.

SCIENTIFIC.

The jelly fish wraps himself around his food and thus absorbs it.

Photographing objects solely by the light from the planet Venus has been successfully accomplished.

It is remarkable, says F. S. Scales, that weevils never injure the germ of the grain, which therefore grows as well when it has served as a nest for this little pest as previously.

The Pollak-Virag system has been improved so that instead of signals being received in the form of a wavy line, similar to that traced by the siphon recorder, messages can now be actually printed on the paper in ordinary round hand Latin characters at the rate of 1,000 words a minute.

It Made Her Indignant.
"How much to take me to the depot?"

"Fifty cents," answered the cabman.

"And how much for myself and my wife?"

"Seventy-five cents."

At this point a large and indignant woman broke into the conversation.

"Why, you insulting fellow!" she exclaimed. "Don't you suppose I'm worth as much as he is every day in the week? Do you think I'm a trunk or a baby to be bundled in for half price? Well, I guess not."—Chicago Post.

She Gets Them.

"My dear," he said, with an ill-concealed ring of relief in his voice, "diamonds have gone up nearly 50 per cent. So I find the earrings I promised you will cost more than I can afford."

"Oh!" she cried, "isn't that too bad!"

"Yes, I'm very sorry."
"So am I, dear. It's a shame that you'll have to pay more than you can afford."—Philadelphia Press.

A Matter of Confidence.
"How did he acquire the reputation of being such a brilliant man?" inquired one voter.

"By means of his convincing manner," answered the other. "He got people to believing that he thoroughly understood his own arguments and they regarded him as a genius."—Washington Star.

Hasty Explanation.
"What are you doing in my house?" demanded the owner of the premises, suddenly appearing on the scene in his nightshirt and carrying a huge revolver.

"I'm taking active steps to get out of it!" replied the burglar, vanishing through a window without taking the trouble to open it.—Chicago Tribune.

Hope.
Mrs. Hennipeck—A few ladies and I have formed a Universal Peace society.

Mr. Hennipeck (timorously but hopefully)—Does it only concern the different nations, my dear, or will it also extend to your individual households?—Puck.

The Cook's Ultimatum.
Mr. Bacon—I shouldn't think you'd allow any of our neighbors to abuse you in the manner I overheard some one speaking to you in the back yard, a little while ago, dear.

Mr. Bacon—That wasn't any of the neighbors, John! That was the cook!—Yonkers Statesman.

Cold Comfort.
"Ouch!" exclaimed Smithett, as he limped across the bedroom floor, where a new carpet had been laid; "ouch! I've ruined my foot! Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!"

"There you go," said his wife, coldly, "always on the wrong tack!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Why He Gazed.
Mrs. Blinks—Of all things! That gentleman looked at your hat as we passed, just as a woman looks at another woman's bonnet.

Mr. Blinks—Yes, he's the man I bought it of, and I haven't paid him.

—N. Y. Weekly.

Different Girls.
Tess—Yes, I've accepted Jack. It was the second time he had proposed, you know, and—

Jess—Oh, he told you that, did he? He made me promise not to say a word about it.—Philadelphia Press.

Probably.
"Who was it said that charity begins at home?"

"I suppose it was some one who didn't want to contribute."—Puck.

Not a Shining Light.
"My son, I'm very sad to say," the aged father said, "You're not reflecting credit, sir, upon my name."

"Alas, it's true!" the son replied; "But what can you expect, since I have worn my credit out, and have none to reflect?"—Town Topics.

FAMILY SKELETON.



"I suppose you'll be telling people that I'm a fool."

"No, dear. There are some things we must keep to ourselves."—Chicago Daily News.

At Last.
There's trouble at the boarding house. There's blood upon the moon. The bold, bad, base monopolists. Have cornered the festive prune!—Chicago Tribune.

A Timely Innovation.
Jack (at club window)—There goes Jenkins with his auto, and I'll be blown if he hasn't a tiger up behind.

George—Tiger nothing! That's the repair man.—Brooklyn Life.

Looked That Way.
Jaggles—Do you really think he committed suicide?

Waggles—Well, he ate mushrooms he gathered himself.—Judge.

Inconscient.
Mrs. Wabash—Lobsters never did agree with me.

Mrs. Dearborn—And yet you married one.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Feminine Code.
Daisy—Oh, yes, she wrote him that they must part forever and ever, but she did not mean it.

Dolly—How do you know?

Daisy—Because she did not underscore it, you silly.—Baltimore American.

He Took Chicken.
Guest—Roast veal or roast chicken, or? Which costs the most. The chicken, I suppose.

Waiter—It's all the same, sir. This is a table d'hôte dinner, you know.

Guest—I know, but I want to get my money's worth.—Philadelphia Press.

Dead, Indeed.
"Good morning, Mr. Cassidy," said the undertaker's humorous friend, "I suppose business is dead with you?"

"Faith, it is so," replied Cassidy, with great seriousness. "I haven't buried a living soul for nearly a month."—Philadelphia Press.

No Material Difference.
Yeast—You say you've tried homeopathy and allopathic doctors?

Crimsonbeak—Yes, both.

"Did you find any difference?"

"No; the bills seemed to be just about the same."—Yonkers Statesman.

Cheap.
Prof. Thumper—Ah, Mr. Skinfint, your daughter is so clever that it is a pleasure to teach her music.

Mrs. Skinfint—A pleasure, as? Well,

CHIMES AND RHYMES.

The Christmas Children.

The little folks at our house—they talk like anything.
"Bout Santa Claus comin', an' what he's goin' to bring;
An' mother never has to scold, or tell 'em 'bout the noise—
They're just the sweetest little girls—the best o' little boys!"

"Cause why? They know that Santa Claus knows ever'thing they do,
An' while he's loadin' up his sleigh he's watchin' o' 'em too!
An' them that minds their mother, they gets the most o' toys
They're just the sweetest little girls—the best o' little boys!"

They've just been writin' letters to Santa An' tellin' him just what they want, an' showin' him the way
To where our house is, so he'll know just where to leave the toys
They're just the sweetest little girls—the best o' little boys!"

They're longin', longin', longin' fer the days an' nights to go,
An' all he's them happy, an' they make these mother's hearts so sore,
She never has to scold 'em, or tell 'em 'bout the noise—
They're just the sweetest little girls—the best o' little boys!"

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Other Tree.

O trim it up with candles,
And hang about it boughs there;
Make it sparkle with the splendor
Of all that is rich and rare;
But no matter how you plan it,
Or how zealous you may be,
Still the choicest treasure always
Hangs upon another's tree.

It may please him for an hour,
For a day his joy may last;
But the shouting soon is over,
And the wonder soon is past;
Brighter baubles will be gleaming
Out of reach, where he may see
That the choicest treasure always
Hangs upon another's tree.

Men and women are but children:
Each sets up a tree to view;
Fragile baubles deck the many,
There are gems upon a few;
While symphonies with my voice,
You, perhaps, may say to me,
For the choicest treasure always
Hangs upon another's tree.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Bachelor.

Who calls all my lonely pay,
And with my little plans makes hay?
Who says mamma has come to stay?

Who takes away my easy chair
Because 'it has no business there,'
And only says she doesn't care?

Who says she hasn't got a gown,
And wants to put the horses down,
And thinks we'd better live in town?

Who commends my only back,
Returns him with a bad sore back,
And says the little beast is slack?

Who thinks that I must ride a bike,
And makes me do what I don't like,
And tells me if I don't she'll strike?

And when I'm feeling sad and low
And softly breathes: "I told you so!"
—London Punch.

The Greater Gift.

I wish no wealth or proud estate—
No world-acclaim I prize;
For simple Love hath made me great
By dear woman's smile and gaze.

There are no worldly gifts above
The beauty of a woman's love.

From Fame the glory and the gleam—
Friends, and the scorn of foes.
Dearest to me the humble dream,
And from Love's hand one rose.

And where my lowlier lot shall be,
Only Love's arms to necklace me.

For Love his own rewarder is
The flowery world around;
For Love the thorn is sweet to kiss,
And tell is but a song.

Wherefore, I seek no proud estate,
For simple Love hath made me great.
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Their Wishes.

We pulled the wishbone, she and I—
She, blushing, looked away;
I wish for her and heard her sigh,
We pulled the wishbone, she and I—
She won the wish and that was why
I mourned my luck that day!

We pulled the wishbone, she and I,
She, blushing, looked away!
Yet, though she won the wish she made,
I did not lose you.

I did not lose you, game we played,
And she won the wish she made!
Last night she told me—ah, the jade!
That she had wished for me.

So, while she won the wish she made,
I did not lose you, see.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Christmas.

Sweetest day of all the year,
Birth of Christ, our Saviour dear;
Blessed gift to Christians given,
Pathway straight from earth to Heaven.

Happy home when life is done,
Starry crown I will have won;
In Christ's fold I mean to be,
Through time and all eternity.

In the springtime of my life,
I shall conquer sin and strife;
In prayer and work, night and day,
My feet shall tread the blessed way.

To Thee, dear Christ, my heart I give,
Through Thy birth my soul shall live;
Through each day the path I see
Proves to all, I follow Thee.

—N. Y. Observer.

Just Fore Christmas.

For Christmas, with its lots of candies,
Cakes and toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids, an' not for naughty boys;

So wash your face, an' brush your hair, and mind your p's and q's,
And don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out your shoes;

Say "Xessum" to the ladies, an' "Xessur" to the men.

Any when the company, don't pass your plate for pie again;
But thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,

Just fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!
—Eugene Field, in Youth's Companion.

Too Big a Job.

Suppose I had to run this earth
Just half a minute?
I'd probably get rattled then, an' be
And backward spin it.

I'd likely mix up sin and air
In darkness 'er;
I'm glad the Lord still holds the job;
He'll do it better.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

My Silent Love.

My love is lying still,
My love has gone to rest;
Her hands are lightly crossed
Upon her gentle breast.

Tread softly! Whisper low,
While I my vigil keep—
My love is nine months old!
How sweet she is—asleep!

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Lucky.

Young Burglar—These spoons ain't silver. They are the cheapest kind o' imitation.

Old Burglar—That's lucky.

"Yes, take 'em along."

"What for?"

"The lady of the house will be afraid to set the detectives arter us, lest they should find them spoons an' describe 'em in th' papers."—N. Y. World.

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

There are to-day in all countries more than 3,000,000 Italian emigrants. Smoking is forbidden on the platforms of street cars in Springfield, Mass.

A toy hoop fell into a conduit at Washington recently and caused a temporary suspension of traffic. The police have prohibited the rolling of hoops in the city on this account.

Through the annexation of the towns of Lake View, Hyde Park and Jefferson, the original city of Chicago has lost in the last 11 years nearly \$600,000 in rebates paid from the special assessment fund.

A model of the cathedral of St. John the Divine has been under construction for the past two years. It will be a miniature building, 50 by 25 feet, with a height of 35 feet. It is on a scale of an inch to the foot.

Although the sum of \$12,000,000 has been expended during the past eight years in reducing the number of Chicago's grade crossings, that city lost 13 citizens in September in grade-crossing accidents.

Until the middle of the last century cavalry deployments were by two right angle turns, and when the diagonal march was adopted instead of making the diagonal by a half turn of each horse the movement was by the whole troop or unit.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

There are 798 different species of roses known.

After a protracted series of experiments it has been decided to establish telephonic communication between England and Belgium, to be opened to the public about February 1, 1901.

Surgeon General Van Ryeppen does not consider that Guam is a good naval station. He says that typhoid fever is practically endemic in the island, owing to the pollution of the drinking water.

By the new Polak and Virag rapid telegraphic system the message is written by a point of light reflected from a sensitized paper, and is put on the wire by means of a perforated paper running over a wheel and controlling the electric currents.

Mount St. Elias has been badly shaken by an earthquake. It is said that the mountain was considerably torn up. The shock was so severe that a mass of ice acres in extent broke loose from the top of the mountain and went crashing down the sides, carrying everything with it.

WOMAN.

In New Mexico a woman is trainmaster on the Southern Pacific.

There were 574 lady patentees out of 26,000 applicants at the British patent offices during the last year.

The ribbons this season are charmingly varied in flowered, striped and spotted designs, the panette ribbon being especially soft and rich.

Various designs in gold effects are made for the hair, and tied prettily at one side with narrow black velvet ribbon. The tendency is toward more rather than less decorations, and for flat, broad effects.

Every well regulated family should have a soup kettle. Into this go all bones, trimmings and bits both of meat and vegetables, and out of it comes a nutritious and easily digested food, suitable alike for invalids and children.

Mark Twain's daughter has become, in a limited degree, a professional singer. Her name is Miss Clara Clemens. She has studied in London and Berlin, and her mezzo-soprano is said to be rich and striking.

Among the black hunters of kangaroos in western Australia are 27 women. It is a professional business and there are about 125 persons who make it their regular business to hunt and capture the animals.

To test the heat of an oven put in a sheet of thin white paper. If too hot the paper will blacken and blaze; if it turns yellow quickly the degree for puff and pastry and that with butter and yeast is attained. Cakes will do better when the paper colors more slowly.

AUTOMOBILES.

Columbia university is the first college to have an automobile club.